

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Catching Feelins"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Ahahha all my homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down (never)  
Ahahah yeah! My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Uh, yeah! My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Westside, westside  
Part two of the war

[2Pac:]

Cross this nigga here, now Biggie tell me who do you fear?  
Ain't a livin' soul breathin' shall pump no fear here  
My last foe flashed then I mashed his ass  
Bastard, fuck with me, bet I blast your ass  
So many follow but can't reach me, caught in the maze  
Catch them, mimickin' my style tryin' to walk this way  
Impossible my posse droppin' you, we Death Row riders  
No need to beg, motherfucker, ain't no mercy inside us  
Feelin' blessed, the richer I get, the more I stress  
Smokin' lye watchin' time fly, waitin' for death  
Dear God I been feelin' like I'm close to Jesus  
Paranoid with my pistols close, smokin' trees  
Keep my eyes on my foes, those close to me  
Watchin' niggas catch strays, shake, choke and bleed  
Me, a mercenary for the streets, check my pedigree  
Bustin' motherfuckers it's the thug in me  
Now niggas talk a lotta Bad Boy shit, then get to squealin'  
Bitch made catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?

My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings

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Yeah, Napoleon!

[Napoleon:]

Picture me sippin' on 1-5-1  
Drunk than a motherfucker droppin' my gun  
Or high as a kite hittin' hoes for fun  
But that ain't me, dog, my mind's now clear  
And that ain't fair, dog, your heart pump fear  
In the state I, shoot you better hide nigga, chute is near  
And you know just as well I do  
You ain't no killer, so kill that, you wouldn't kill if you had to

We might wobble, but we don't fall down  
We take the gospel from Makaveli, pass it around  
Holla "let's hit", we gon' taste the power  
We started the thug trend, the game is ours  
Now we coast together, put our thoughts together  
Won't question when we die together  
Cause the hour soon to come  
Kadafi trained soldier, I show you how to use your gun  
Bring it

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*[EDI-Mean:]*

We yellin' "M-A-D-E N-I-double G-As  
Motherfuckas, and we here to stay  
From curb surfen', we workin' the industry, you kiddin' me  
It's really nothing to me and my king, you see  
We in the big things, eat a dick man, if you're hatin'  
We're gonna ride 'til the wheels fall off, pay attention  
Screamin' "Bye bye bitches, untouchable sound"  
Ride or die niggas, and we huntin' you down  
Representin' all the real niggas stuck in the trap  
Bangin' out with the po-po, tryin' to get to some more  
Street life, young strugglers racin' the clock  
Ain't no tellin' when it all can end, roll a rock  
That's the world with feelings, this a man's world youngin'  
The bitches in business, so learn a little something  
Hey, stop runnin' your mouth, you're on the verge of squealin'  
Bitch made catchin' feelings

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*[Yaki Kadafi:]*

Everybody's a gangsta, but don't put in work  
Instead of puttin' on the armor, niggas put on skirts  
These drugs ain't helpin', it only makin' it worse  
And the streets ain't got nothing for me but a hearse  
I can't trust the church or the mobs, I can only trust God

And to tell you the truth I gotta ride  
I only roll with the real  
Cause rollin' with the fake got my loved ones killed

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Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.